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#### **VOLUME XXI.—NUMBER 34.**

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WHOLE NUMBER, 1.074.

# Choice Loetry.

THE OBSEQUIES IN ROME. January 17, 1878.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Victor Emmanuel !- of prophetic name,
 Who, erowned in sore defeat,
Canght out of blood, disaster, and retreat,
With wounded hands, a colder's simple fame—
 Content, had that been all.
And most content, victoriously to fall:—
Life saved thee for a people's holiest zim,
 And leaves thee Victor, in thy pall!
 "Gon wirn is," may that people say,
Who walk behind thy conquering dust, to-day:
Yea, all thine Italy
 Made one, at last, and proudly free,
Messes thy size's baptismal prophecy!

Bince, over coarse to be the Empire's lord,
Herulian Odoaker fell
Among spilled goblets, by the Gothic sword,
In old Ravennia's palace-citadel;
And, after him, Theodoric strove
To own the land he could not choose but love—
And both, from no dedictency of power,
But failing heart and brain.
That might revivily the beauty slain,
Builded barbaric thrones for one brief hour;
Since, in a gloriona vision cast
By some narcotic opiate of the Past.
Riemi sought to be
Brutas in deed, Casar in victory—
The Italy, that once was Rome,
Dismembered, sighed for her deliverance,
Saw her Republics die,
Leaned vainly on the broken read of France,
Till, when despair scened nigh,
She saw herself, and starting from her trance,
Summoned the Victor, who hath led her home!

He knew his people, and his soul was strong
To wait till they knew him:
The hand that holds a sceptre, dare not shake
From the quick blood that burns at every wrong.
With Europe watchful, coid and grim
Reblind him, and the triple-hooded smake
Coiled in his path, he went
Through changing gosts of doubt and discontent.
Till all he could have dreamed of, came to him!
But now his people know him!—now,
Since Death's pure coronet is on his brow,
Italian eyes are dim!
Now to her ancient gleries sovereign Rome
Adds one more glory: sorrow fails
O'er all the circuit of the Aurelian walls—
Even from Montorio on Saint Peter's dome;
And where on warm Pamüll-Dorian mends
Fresh dew the daisy feeds;
And breathes in every tall Borghese pine,
And means on Aventine;
And-could the valce of all desire awake,
That once was lond for Italy's dear sake—
A hymn would burst from each dumb burial stone
Beside the Cestian pyramid,
Where Keats's, Shelley's dust is hid,
In dithyrambic triumph o'er his own!

Who walk behind his bier!

Who walk behind his bier?

Behold the solemn phantons!—who are they.
The stern precursors that arise, to-day.
Breathing of many a hery year.
And clad in drapery of a darker time?
These are the dead who saw.
Too seen, the world's diviner law—
Too early dreamed their people's dream sublime?
He follows them, who lived to make that dream.
A principle aupreme.
Dome-browed Marzini—he, who planted sure.
Its corner-stone, Cavour?
Then, first among the living, that gray chief.
Who wears, at last, his Boman hared's leaf.
To conquer which, he wrent and shattered down.
His rich Sicilian crown.
Ah, bend thee, Garibaid!—be not loth.
To trust the son of him thou gav st a land,
Of key whose name is pearl and daisy both!
Such love, to-day, thy people give.
To him who died, such trust to them who live.

Couning nor Force shall overthrow
The State whose fabric has been builded so.
Under the Pantheon's dome.
The undying Victor still shall reign
O'er one free land that dare not feel a chain—
Whose mighty heart is Bonne!
Still, from the ramparts of the Rhestian snow,
The down the ramparts of our and wine.

rom the ramparts of the Rheetian snow,
Far down the realms of corn and wine,
Back-boned by Appenine,
es that breast the warm Calabrian Sea,
A single race shall know
One love, one right, one loyalty;
om his ashas Italy shall grow,
Who made her Italy!

## Select Storn.

### THAT ONE DOLLAR BILL.

How it did rain, that November night! None of your undecided showers, with heaitating intervals, as it were, between; none of your mild, persistent patterings on the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild deluge, a rush of arrowy drops, and a thunder of opening floods!

Squire Pratlet heard the rattle against the

Squire Prattet heard the rattle against the casements, and drew his sang easy chair a little closer to the fire—a great open mass of glimmering anthracite—and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflective satisfaction at the crimson mother.

sleepy, reflective satisfaction at the crimson moreen curtains, and a gray cat fast asleep on the hearth, and the canary bird rolled into a drowsy ball of yellow down upon its perch.

"This is sung," quoth the Squire; "I'm glad I had the leaky spot in the barn roof fixed last week. I don't object to a stormy night once in a while, when a fellow's under cover, and there is nothing particularly to be done, Mary."

"Yes," Mrs. Pratlet answered. She was flitting about between the kitchen and sitting-room, with a great blue-checked apron tied about her waist. "I'm nearly ready to come in now, Josiah. Now I wonder," sotto voice, "if that was really a knock at the door, or just a little rush of the wind." She went to the door, nevertheless, and a min

nte or two afterwards she went to her husband's

chair.

"Joe, dear, it's Luke Rudditove," she said, half apprehensively. The Squire never looked up from his reading.

"Tell him he has made a mistake. The tavern is on the second corner beyond."
"But he wants to know if you will lend him a

dollar," said Mrs. Pratlet.
"Couldn't you have told him no, without the preliminary ceremony of coming to me? Is it likely I shall lend a dollar, or even a cent to Luke Ruddilove? Why, I'd a great deal rather throw it among youder red coals. No—of coarse,

Mrs. Pratlet hesitated.
"He looks so pinched and cold and wretched.
Josiah. He says there is nobody in the world
to let him have a cent."
"All the better for him, if he did but know it,"

sharply enunciated the Squire. "If he had come to just that pinch half a dozen years ago, per-haps he wouldn't have been the miserable vag-abond he now is." "We used to go to school together," said Mrs. Pratlet, gently. "He was the smartest boy in

the class."
"That's probable enough," said the Squire.
"But it don't alter the fact. He's a poor, drunken wretch now. Send him about his basiness,
Mary; and if his time is of any consequence,

just let him know he had better not waste it coming here after dollars."

And the Squire leaved back in his chair, after a positive fashion, as if the whole matter was settled. Mrs. Pratiet went back to the kitchen, where

Luke Ruddilove was spreading his poor fingers over the blaze of the fire, his tattered garments whether is the was a pillar vapor.

"Then I've got to starve, like any other dog!"
said Luke Ruddilove, turning away. "And after all, I don't suppose it makes much difference whether I shuffle out of this world to day or to-

"Oh, Luke-not to your wife !"

"She'd be better oft without me," he said, down-heartedly.

"But she ought not to be."

"Ought and is are two different things, Mrs.
Pratlet. Good night; I ain't going to the tavern, although I'll wager something the Squire thought I was!" She'd be better off without me," he said,

ern, although I'll wager something the Squire though I was!"
"And isn't it natural enough that he should think so, Luke!"
"Yes—yes, Mary; I don't say but what it is!"
murmured Luke Ruddilove, in the same dejected tone he had used throughout the interview.
"Stop," Mrs. Pratlet called to him, as his hand lay on the door latch, in a low voice. "Here's a dollar, Luke, Mr. Pratlet gave to me for an oil cloth to go in front of the parlor stove, but I will try and make the old one last a little longer. And, Luke, for the sake of old times—and

for the sake of your poor wife and little ones at home—do, try and do better."

Luke Ruddilove looked vacantly first at the fresh, new bank-bill in his hand, and then at the blooming young matron who had placed it

the blooming young matron who had placed it there.

"Thank you, Mary," he said, and crept out of the warm, bright kitchen into the storm and darkness that reigned without. Mrs. Pratlet stood looking into the kitchen fire.

"I dare say I've done a foolish thing," she pondered; "but indeed I could not help it. Of course, he will spend it all, at the public house, and I shall do without a new oil-cloth; that will be the end of it all."

And there was a conscious flush on her checks, as if she had done something wrong, when she joined the Squire in the sitting room.

"Well," said Squire Pratlet, "has that never-do-well gone at last?"

"To the Stokes' tavern, I suppose?"

To the Stokes' tavern, Lsuppose ?" "I hope not, Josiah."
"I am afraid it's past hoping for," said the Squire, shrugging his shoulders. "And now for a pleasant evening. How it does rain, to be And Mrs. Pratlet kept the secret within her

It was six months afterwards, that the Squire came into the dining room where his wife was preserving great red apples into jelly. "Well, well," quoth he, "wonders will never cease. The Ruddiloves have gone away."

"Where?"
"I don't know—out West somewhere, with a colony. And they say Luke hasn't touched a drop of whiskey for six months."
"I am glad of that," said Mrs. Pratlet.
"It won't last long," said the Squire, despair-

"it won't last long," said the Squire, despairingly.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't any faith in these sudden reforms."

Mrs. Pratlet was silent; she thought thankfully that, after all, Luke had not spent the dollar for liquor.

Six months—six years—the time sped along in days and weeks, almost before busy little Mrs. Pratlet knew that it was gone. The Ruddiloves had come back to Sequesset. Luke had made his fortune, so the story went, far away into El Dorads, vulgarly phrased "out West," by the simple Sequessetters.

"They do say," said Mr. Buckingham, "that he has bought that 'ere lot down opposite the Court House, and he is going to build such a house as never was."

"He must have prospered greatly," said gentle Mrs. Pratlet.

"And his wife she were waill made and his wife she was a silk many that will be well as the way the said gentle Mrs. Pratlet.

Mrs. Pratlet.
"And his wife, she wears a silk gown that will stand alone with its own richness," said Mrs. Buckingham. "I can remember when Luke Ruddilove was nothing but a poor, dranken creature. "All the more credit to him now," said Mrs.

Prattle, emphatically.

"It's to be all of stun," said Mrs. Buckingham;

"white marble mantles and inlaid floors. And
he has put a lot of papers and things under the

he has put a lot of papers and things under the corner one."

"The corner what?" said Mrs. Pratlet, laughing. "Floor or mantle?"

"Stan, to be sure," said Mrs. Buckingham, "like they do in public buildings, you know."

"That is natural enough."

"Well, it's kind o' queer, but Luke Ruddilove never was like anybody else. Folks think dreadful strange he should put a dollar bill in with other things."

Mrs. Pratlet felt her cheek flush scarlet; involuntarily she glauced to where the Squire was secretly cheeking off a list of legal items in the bill he was making out against his client. But the Squire never looked around, and Mrs. Buckingham went on with her never-ceasing flow of chit-chat, and so the hot color died away in her cheek. After all, the money had been her own to give, and the oil-cloth in front of the dining-room stove had answered very well.

dining-room stove had answered very well. She met Luke Ruddilove that afternoon She met Luke Ruddiove that alternoon, for the first time since his return to Sequesset— Luke himself, yet not himself—the demon of in temperance crushed out of his nature, and his better elements trimphing at last. He looked her brightly in the face, and held out his hand.

"That night was the pivot on which my whole destiny turned. You were kind to me, when every one spoke coldly; you trusted in me, when all other faces were averted. I vowed me, when all other faces were averted. I vowed a vow to myself to prove worthy of your confidence, and I kept it; I did not spend the money; I treasured it up—and Heaven has added mightily to my little store. I put the dollar bill under the corner-stone of my new house, for the house has arisen from it alone. I wou't offer to pay you back, for I am afraid," he said smilingly, "the luck would go from me with it; but I'll tell you what I will do, Mary: I will give money, and words of trust and encouragement, to some other poor wretch, as you gave to me." And Squire Protest never knew what his wife did with the dollar bill which he gave her to a new piece of oil-cloth.

### REPUBLICAN COMPLAINTS AGAINST

Where the President has Offended His Party. When the President deliberately snubs and in-sults Republicans who call upon him for consul-tation—treating them as if he were clay some-what above common mortals, and is effusive in cordiality to ex-rebels—he must be held respon-sible for his doings. More than this. When the President of the United States proclaims him-self a chosen reformer of the civil service, and at the same time fills the public service with his President of the United States proclaims himself a chosen reformer of the civil service, and at the same time fi'ls the public service with his and his wife's relatives down to consins-in-law, makes his business partner in land speculations the Commissioner of Agriculture, gives important positions to all his political cronies at home, orders that officials shall give no time to politics, and allows his Secretary of State to take \$25,000 fees and spend weeks in law snits, says that Republican Senators must not interfere in appointments, and at the same time consults daily with Southern Democratic Senators, quotes the Cincinnati platform against Congressional interference with his perquisites, and at the same time allows the Post Office Department to issue circulars inviting Congressmen to name their candidates for the various post offices in their districts—when a President thus talks forever like a saint and acts perpetually like a sinner, we have not the slightest hesitation in proclaiming his professions of political purity to be a shame and a frand.

Not for any prespective political advantages

be a shame and a frand.

Not for any prospective political advantages can we consent to condone these crimes against the integrity of the people. It is nothing but a crime for a President to profess reform while his the integrity of the people. It is nothing but a crime for a President to profess reform while his Administration teems with corruption. Good, honest people have been deceived by his talk, and we do not blame them for being partially won over by his sweet phrases of reform. But it is time they read his acts in their true light, and learned that the personal and political character of the men whose names the President has sent in to the Senate has been utterly bad, in nine cases out of ten. Hilliard, Northrup, Alexander Reed, Wa'dron, Fitzsimmoons—but why prolong the list? There is not one of the names brought prominently before the public of late, but hus a bad odor about it. Even Roosevelt is a rich man who spent his time and money freely to put Hayes in nomination for the Presidency. To pretend that reform is to be helped by such a nomination is a farce. The men disgrace the very name of reform. And to pretend that the President has no knowledge of the character of the men he names for office, is to make him a ruler whose carlessness is a crime against the State. But the President has publicly assumed personal responsibility for his nominations, and he must be suffered to stand upon it. Therefore, we cannot consent to shift the burden upon that weak band of pulitical tramps and turncouts who are called a Cabinet.—Utica Republican.

S. T.-1800-Nix.-In other words, no Sam. Tilden in 1880. This is sad, but it can't be help-

THE SECOND WIFE

They told me be had won before, Another heart than mine; Had laid his first and deepest love Upon an earlier shrine.

They said my spirit oft would grieve, If I my lot should cast With one who held so sacred still, Komembrauce of the past.

I heeded not; my bark was launched With his on life's swift tide. And earth holds not a happier heart Thus wine a proof bride.

I know that he has loved and lost What life may ne'er give book; The flowers that blommed in free; Have withered in his track.

I know that she—the angel called— Looks out from you blue heaven, A watcher o'er the earth-bound soul From which her own was riven.

Together do we oft recall
This dream of other years;
Nor do I love him less to know.
He once had cause for tears.

More blest am I, that it hath been My love-appointed task To wake anew the light of home, In which his soul may bask.

(From the Chicago Times.) THE CORSAIRS COMBADE.

Reminiscences of the Bloody Career of Jacques Lafite, the Buccancer—His Lieu-tenant Still Living in Illinois, a Grim Rel-ic of Early Days—The Origin, Adventures, and Good and Reprehensible Deeds of the Famous Pirate Band.

ROCKFORD, ILL., Nov. 14.—"Ef so be thet you ROCKFORD, I.L., Nov. 14.—"Ef so be thet you want suthin' startlin to print in the Times," said a farmer, from the western edge of Guilford Township, the other day, "it might pay you to go over beyond my place two or three miles into Boone, and hev a chat with old Mr. Arnold. Why, Lord love you," he added, lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, "they do say the durned cuss war a pirut once, and didn't mind slittin' a man's throat more'n I would killin' a

Suthin' startlin'," if true, was, of course, in the direct line of duty along which lies the path of a Times correspondent; and yesterday after-noon saw the writer draw rein an hour's ride away from Rockford, in front of a neat but unpretentions frame house, where an inquiry as to the whereabouts of "Mr. Arnold," met with the

answer:
"I suppose it's grandfather you're looking for; but his name is Arnauld, not Arnold."
And with this much of introduction, I was ushered in, and told my business to Jean Achille Marie Arnauld, a brisk, polite, mild mannered little gentleman of eighty-six, who first saw the light beat down from the tropical sun of Guadalonpe, and whose early manhood found him the companion and Lieutenant of that famous buccauser. Jacques Lafitte. It seemed something companion and Lieutenant of that famous buc-caneer, Jacques Lafitte. It seemed something out of the ordinary to thus happen upon a bit of romance in these sober, unimaginative, practi-cal days which are bringing the nineteenth cen-tury to a close; yet there I stood face to face with a man who had been a leader in dark and desperate deeds, and who, although he never

FOUGHT UNDER THE BLACK FLAG. save once, is yet, doubtless, the only person now alive that can claim kinship with the race of daring and lawless corsairs which, for nearly three centuries, made the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico their home, and preyed, from thence, upon the treasure fleets of Europe. Mousieur Arnauld was, in one sense, however, a dispensation of the contract appointment, for he sang no songs about the Spanish Main, and had no pistols in his belt. Neither did he wear a cuttass, nor display any of the various traits which American novelists as-sure us mark the exemplary and consistent pirate. No reminiscence of the sailor's craft adorn-ed even the walls of the room, which were en-tirely bare, save an ancient portrait that hung, dimly visible, beneath pendant branches of fly-

better elements triumphing at last. He looked her brightly in the face, and held out his hand. "Mary."

"I'm glad to see you here again, Luke," she said, tremulously.

"And well you may be," he rejoined. "Do you remember that stormy night, Mary, when you gave see that dollar bill, and begged me not to go to the tavern t"

"Yes."

"Stirring times, were they not; these five years!"

"Stirring times, were they not; these five years?"

"Of a surety, yes. We fought for Guadaloupe until the English captured that island in 1810. Then we hauled down the French flag, and took letters of marque from the Republic of Carthagena. Bolivar was glad enough of our help, and minded little if we sometimes by mistake chased a British trader instead of a Spaniard. Why, my friend, one fine day in 1813 the Dons had reconquered all their rebel colonies save Carthagena, and it was our valor alone—us Creoles of the West Indies—that kept the city free, and made it a place of refuge. Yes," he continued, with a queer grimace and an odd twinkle in the corner of his brightly-twinkling eye, "some people had the thrice-bad taste to call us pirates!"

"When did you first make a rendezvous of Barataria."

"When did you first make a rendezvous of Barataria?"
"It was more than a rendezvous; it was our home. We fortified it in 1811, and had we so willed, we could have resisted even the United States. To be sure, it was the wiser course to surrender, as we did three years later; for, after Bolivar's final successes, Carthagena fell from the rank of an independent State to the lowlier position of a single city in a large Republic. So our legitimacy as fighters became more doubtful than ever, and we cared not to continue a career wherein capture meant hanging. It was a sad ful than ever, and we cared not to continue a career wherein capture meant hanging. It was a said day, though, when we men, a thousand strong, gave our ten stanneh ships to the Federal Navy."

In a manner nearly akin to this our conversation began, and the aged sea-wolf's shrill scented monotone kept up the narration's thrilling burden with tales of the—to him—palmy years when

BLOOD AND BOOTY were like two things life held worth living for, when richly freighted galleous rewarded the corsair's enterprise, and wealth and luxury corsair's enterprise, and wealth and luxury brought an after zest to the perils of the deep, or the dangers of the conflict. Our three hours' talk covered an interesting and rather obscure portion of American history; and its details, sup-plamented by extracts from one or two original documents placed in my hands, may perhaps prove that Jacques Lafitte, the robber of the seas, the wild corsair of Byron's poem, linked, at least.

One virtue with his thousand cri-

One virtue with his thousand crimes, and, after Jackson, did more than any other man toward adding fresh lustre to the American arms, before, and throughout that world-famous contest of New Orleans.

When the buccaneers gave up their precarious and desperate freedom in exchange for pardon, and more honerable, if not less dangerous calling of United States artilleriats and marines, their leader was not far from forty years of age. Yet, although comparatively a young man, his life had been one long tale of conflict. A Breton by birth, a royalist by choice, a Vendean rebel during the Reign of Terror, he accepted the final offer of amnesty which preceded the Republican attempt at extermination, and joined his fortunes to those of Bousparte and the army of Egypt. Here his skill as a swordsman gained him the place of maitre d'armes to a brigade of trail-leurs from the Parisian Quartier St. Antoine. For some exceptional bravery at the Battle of For some exceptional bravery at the Battle of the Pyramids he was made a Captain, and then—he deserted, to next appear as a leader among the thieving emisers of the Levant. Ultimately European matters became too narrow for the safety of such a restless spirit, and, somewhere about the year 1807, Lafitto sought wider skies and a free range for his versatility in

THE HOPE OF PLUNDER.

The Gloire and L'Insurgente, the leaders and the men, Lafitte and Antonio el Portuguez, were equally indifferent to the ties of country or thoughts of patriotism. So it was an easy matter to change allegiance, and when the Provisional Government of Guadaloupe fell before the might of Eugland, the black ensigns of piracy fluttered above the sails, while threading southward toward the hostile Antilles, the adventurers sought another service and a new port. En route they were joined by three more vessels, like their own, set adrift and anxious for fresh commission to fight and conquer. THE HOPE OF PLUNDER.

they were joined by three more vessels, like their own, set adrift and anxious for fresh commission to fight and conquer.

Far away, on the sunniest borders of the Caribbean Sea, Carthagena had wrested from her Spanish tyrants a precious but doubtful independence. She had, for a few short months, seen herself one among the many republies of the continent. She now remained the only star in all that brilliant but ephemeral galaxy whose light had not been quenched by the unavailing blood of her martyred children. For Spain, too feeble to combat Napoleon on her own soil, had yet found men and means to reseat her colonial Viceroys in their ancient oppression. Caraceas was besieged, and Veuezuela re-enslaved. Miranda was a fugitive, and Bolivar prescribed, while Monteverde, a second Alva, swept onward in a resistless tide of triumph. The patriots had no fleet; their armies were scattered; their future promised naught but submission or death. Carthagena, the sole remaining stronghold of Latin liberty, faltered as she saw her cruel be siegers grip even tighter her toughly-battered walls; yet she still resisted with a sublime valor born rather of despair than hope. But, on the afternoon of a January day, in the year 1811, her much chalfring soldiery, gazing seaward to where frowned the cannon of a Spanish frigate, saw five strange vessels cleave the far-away junction of sky and water, and bear straight on-

where frowned the camon of a Spanish frigate, saw five strange vessels cleave the far-away junction of sky and water, and bear straight onward toward the port. Were they fresh ships from the royal navy? Or might they not be those allies, the hated English? No hope of succor animated the most sanguine heart, for the Republic was fleetless and friendless. But steadily the ships grew larger and nearer. From the cilly-lying blockader ran un the flag of his Cath-illy-lying blockader ran un the flag of his Cathidly-lying blockader ran up the flag of his Cath-olic Majesty, Ferdinand VII., and then all eyes were strained to catch the answering salute. It quickly came from the foremost sloop, which had somewhat distanced its larger consorts. Up to the farthest tapering height of its single san-cy mast rose

cy mast rose A STRANGE AND MYSTIC EMBLEM. which, when it cleared the sails and felt the breeze, disclosed itself as the pennon of France beneath a streamer of inky black. As these twin symbols shook free, a gan rang out its deep-toned challenge, and the other craft slipped forward to sustain their little champion. Then the Carthagenians knew that these unknown visitors were at least the enemies of Spain, and tors were at least the enemies of Spain, and awaited, impatiently, the issue of the strife. The frigate's resistance was brief, and soon two boats' crews left the group of strangers to seek the shore. They lanced, and games admittance to the city through the picturesque gateway at the water's edge, which even yet charms the traveller with its beantiful proportions and graceful tracery. The wonder and excitement of the gathered multitude changed to a feeling of atter thankfulness when Latitte advanced a

little beyond his armed companions, and said, addressing the Dictator Velasquez:

"We were sailors of Gnadaloupe. That island is now English. Therefore we owe allegiance to no one. We are free companions, buccaneers, pirates if you will. But we number 400 brave

pirates if you will. But we number 400 brave men. Our ships you see. We fight none but your enemies. Give us letters of marque; make our calling legal, and command our services. We ask no pay but a port."

This short, coneise, sententions explanation and offer closed amid a storm of vivas and a clamor of assent from the througing people. It was a plank to a drowning man, or a reprieve to a condamne. The privateers were received with an enthusiasm characteristic of a country for the first time refusing the yoke of subjection; and indeed this body of men, accustomed to great political convulsions, inured to the fatigue of war, well acquainted with all those considered as a priceless acquisition by the Republic. "Yet I think." said Arnauld, "that those dev-

ils of revolutionists would have welcomed even Satan, rather than let the Spaniards come back. And beside Satan, my friend, WE MARINERS WERE NOT SO BAD.

Thus Carthagena got a navy and gave a harleft. It was an exchange born of necessity and
the times, but it saved Latin America from the
rule of a corrupt monarchy, and gave an impetus to the stormy Republicanism of half a century. Two years later, when Miranda lay in
chains at Cadiz, and Caraccas had fallen. Belivar
found asylum in the corsair-defended city, and
from thence kept alive the flickering torch of
freedom. Here, teo, he collected his little army
of exiles, which was destined to display such romantic daring, and achieve so great success. No
history has ever told, no poem has ever sung as
it should be told and sung, the tales of those heroic men whose hands were strengthened for the
final onset by the ontlawed sailors of the tropic
seas. While Lafite and his followers kept loyal watch and ward over the city and the strait. seas. While Lafitte and his followers kept loyal watch and ward over the city and the strait, these, with their chiefest patriot for a leader, toiled along the perilons route toward San Cristobal. Fortune having turned away from vaster efforts, now smiled on desperation. The few hundreds became thousands. Torn, ragged, bleeding, reckless of any fate, and thirsing only for vengeance, the baggard band threw itself headlong on the trained legions of Monteverde, and gained a victory which made Bolivar once more dictator of Caraccas. It was the beginning of the end, and from that Angust day of 1813 Spain may date the loss of her trans-Atlantic colonies.

Much as it might charm to trace yet further Much as it might charm to trace yet further the stirring annals of South American revolution; glorious as it would be to triumph on many an after field with the Southern Washington, yet each added link in the chain of events would carry their relation further away from Lafitte, from Barataria, and from New Orleans. While employed in helping Carthagena, the buccaneers were not idle clsewhere. The number of their prizes swelled with each favoring gale. They lost a single ship, and replaced it by four. They made their flag dreaded and renowned throughout the middle seas. One port grew too small for the displead of their goods, and so, when the first fell whispers of 1811 foretold the second war with Great Britsin, Lafitte holdly landed on Louisiana soil, and chose

the Pyramids he was made a Captain, and then—he descrided, to next appear as a leader among the thieving emisers of the Levant. Ultimately European matters became too narrow for the safety of such a restless spirit, and, somewhere about the year 1807, Lafitto sought wider skies and a free range for his versatility in

THE TURMOIL OF REVOLUTION just then sending out its fierce, ominous murmur from the volcanic climes and peoples clustering around the Gulf and Caribbean Sea. His acquaintance with the new world began at New Orleans, where, for a while, he employed his skill with a sabre and rapier in teaching the natives some knowledge of aword-play. Then he disappeared from that hot and turbulent metropolis of the South, and, a little later, word came back to his creole friends at Tremoulet's coffee-house BARATARIA

that the ex fencing master was become the most muscrapulous and successful of all those privateersmen commissioned by the French Government of Guadaloupe. British. West Indiamen and Spanish merchantmen alike fled far and fast whenever some wary look-out saw the sails of Laftte rising like a cloud of doom from out the horizon's distance. And well it was if the skill of Captain, or breadth of canvas, or build of hull, or all combined, could save the fearful quarry from the corsaic a swift-winged vessels and the motley crew which swarmed their decks. For in those crews were hardened outlaws from many climes. Ganls, exfled from San Domingo by the negro insurrection, and expelled from Cuba because of war between Trance and Spain; grim and gannt revolutionists from the Iberian Colonies of Mexico and South America; Yankee felous; Lancars from idea in the goof France, but the only bond which held the polyglot assemblage to obedience was

THE HOPE OF PLUNDER. chose, with a harbor on the Caribbean, and one on the Gulf, master of nearly a dozen ships, and ruler over a thousand men to whom his word was the only law they knew, Lafitte lived more truly a corsair king than any in the long line of his predecessors. Prize after prize went to the secret channel, never to return. Rich and varied cargoes mysteriously left Grand Terre, to reappear as mysteriously in the marts of New Organization. cargoes mysteriously left Grand Terre, to reappear as mysteriously in the marts of New Orleans. No royalist town in all those seas but dreaded siege and sack at the hands of the redonbted rovers, or sent out a ship, and hoped that it might reach its port. Spaniards, English, and Americans retired from every attempt on the Batatarian stronghold. Pierre Lafitte was taken, and languished in a Louisiana prison, but

To Claiborne's preclamation offering \$500-for his head, he opposed a like document, in which the corpse of the executive was valued at thirty times that amount. A captured comrade, for a pardon and heavy bribe, agreed to deliver him up, and toilsomely led a company of militia to the very heart of the dreaded fastness. The intruders saw no men, heard no sound, until a boatswain's shrill whistle woke the air to life, like Roderick Dhu's, and called up an army from boatswain's shrill whistle woke the air to life, like Roderick Dhu's, and called up an army from the earth. No deed of violence signalized the buccaneer's success, and his inglorious hunters, with their traitor guide, were allowed to return unharmed. Again, every gunboat of the fleet combined for an attack by sea, but fled precipitately before Lafitte's determined front and superior forces. Yet all this time New Orleans traders came to the great anctions at Grande traders came to the great auctions at Grande Terre, and New Orleans belles were silks and laces never valued in a Custom House, while one fair dame, more fortunate than all her sis-

ters, displayed at the very Governor's halls the costly diamonds that were her beauty's tribute from the buccaneer.

This state of affairs continued nearly through-This state of affairs continued nearly through-out our second war with Great Britain; but the events of an autumn day in 1814, materially changed the position of the Baratarians towards their various hostile neighbors. On Sept. 2d, the Enghlish brig. Sophia, anchored off the great pass, and, under a flag of truce, sent ashore two naval officers, Capt. Lockyer, commander of the brig, an interpreter, and Capt. Williams, of the infantry. These gentlemen sought out La-fitte, and handed him a package containing let-ters from Col. Edward Nicholls, chief of His Majesty's forces in the Floridas, and from W. H. Majesty's forces in the Floridas, and from W. H. Percy, of the sloop of war Hermes, senior officer of the British Gulf fleet. A portion of Col. Nicholls' epistle ran in this wise:

Nicholls' epistle ran in this wise:

"I call on you, with your brave followers, to enter into our service, in which you shall have the rank of Captain. Your property shall be guaranteed to you, and your people protected; in return for which I ask you to cease all hostilities against Spain, or the allies of Great Britain."

Percy's letter confirmed this offer without reservation. After Lafitte had read the papers, Capt. Lockyer and his companions told him that if he accepted the proposition contained therein, he would be paid, over and above the rewards hinted at.

THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH.

Much to their surprise, the princely bribe did not meet with a ready welcome, and the pirate leader left them, promising a definite answer on the morrow. Meanwhile, however, the Barita the morrow. Meanwhile, however, the Barita-rians, who numbered in their league many na-tives of Louisiana, became clamorous and angry. They declared that the brig was there, under false pretenses, to examine the coast, and make ready for a descent on New Orleans. The excitement finally reached a fever heat, and when La-fitte returned, he found that his men had seized and confined both the officers and boat's crew, with intent to execute summary punishment upon them as spies. All efforts to pacify the aroused buccancers proved vain, until their leader called about him the commanders of his vessels, and told them plainly on what errand Lockyer had come. Their conference was short and decisive. Said Arnauld, as his memory tra-

versed back the years to that eventful time:
"We knew Britain for none other than a ty-rant and a bully. Every Frenchman of us hated her too much to dream of closing with her infa-mons offer. But we agreed to temporize, and our leader was instructed to do as he thought best for the welfare of our Louisiana friends. best for the welfare of our Louisiana friends.

So, in the morning, Lafitte released his doughty guests, and sent them away with profuse apologies and a vague reply. At the same time, a trusty messenger sped inland toward the capital, bearing with him a packet addressed to Mr. John Blanque, a distinguished member of the Legislature. In this packet, together with an explanatory note, were the letters from Nicholls and Percy, and a message to Gov. Claiborne, one passage of which was couched in these loyal terms:

SR: I offer to you to restore to the State several citizens, who, perpaps, in your eyes, have lost that sacred title. I offer you them, however, such as you should wish to find them, ready to exert their utmost efforts in defense of the country. This point of Louisiana, which I occupy, is of great importance in the present crisis. I tender my services to defend it; and the only reward I ask is that a stop be put to the proscription against me and my adherents, by an act of oblivion for all that has been done hitherty. I am the stray sheep, wishing to return to the sheepfold. If you were thoroughly acquainted with the nature of my offenses, I should appear to you much less guilty, and still worthy to discharge the duties of a good citizen. I have sailed under the flag of the Republic of Carthagena, and my vessels are perfectly regular in that respect. If I could have brought my lawful prizes into the ports of this State, I should not have employed the illicit means that have caused me to be proscribed. I decline raying mere on this subject, until I have the honor of your Excellency's answer, which I am persuaded can be dictated only by wisdom. Should your answer not be favorable to my ardent desires, I declare to you that I instantly leave the country, to avoid the imputation of having co-operated toward an invasion on this point, which caunot fail to take place, and to rest seeme in the acquittal of my own conseince. I have the honor to be, your Excellency's, etc.,

J. LAFITE."

Here was indeed absolute renunciation of goodly gear! This privateesman, whose doubtful com-Sin: I offer to you to restore to the State sev-

Here was indeed absolute renunciation of good-ly gear! This privateesman, whose doubtful com-mission from a revolted city was his only shield

THE CHARGE OF PIRACY,

THE CHARGE OF PIRACY,
thus refused to exchange outlawry for social
standing, and a dangerous calling for an honorable career. With him had it rested whether he
would accept the glories and possibilities of a
quarter deck, or cast in his lot with the the defenders of Western liberty, and for once this
crime-stained corsair, this free companion, denounced by Jackson as a leader of "hellish banditti," chose the nobler part, and spurued the
tempting bribe.

When Rancher had delivered at New Orleans
the precious missiae entrusted to him at Grande
Terre, he was sent back with a verbal answer
that the matter had been taken under consideration, and that meanwhile no measures would
be taken against the Baritarians for past offences.
Pierre Lafitte was at the same time released
from prison, but no reply came to a second letter,
written when the Sophis again appeared of
the pass. On the contrary, Jacques learned that
the authorities were fitting out a formidable expedition against him, yet constant to his recent
profession, he withdrew to what is known as
the "German coast," and employed his forces in
protecting the imbabitants against invasion.
Such generous condonct as this could not go long
unnoticed. Distrust gave way to hearty admiration, and, when Lafitte made a second tender
of his services, a belief in the integrity of his
purposes, combined with the exigencies of the
time to bring about a coalition. Judge Hall,

with the Marsh al of the district, granted him a safe conduct to New Orleans, where an interview with Jackson ended in the wholesale calistment of the Baratarian league, and in the absolute surrender of the fleet and stronghold. Thus, for the second time in his career, the corsair king turned aside from his lawless calling to aid and succor a distressed republic. His quondam adherents were divided into two corps. One, under the command of Capts. Dominique, Belnehe, and Arnauld, trained the artillery with sea-wolf skill against the haughty ranks of Britain, and, throughout all the anxious days that preceded the culminating glory of that January morning, when Pakenham fell, and the veterans of Waterloo fled in dire dismay, wrought nobly for their adopted commonwealth. The others did gallant service as marines at Forts Petites Coquilles, St. Philip, and the Bayon St. John, under Capts. Sengis, Lagand, and Colson. Numbers were killed and wounded. All deserved well of the republic. Men so zealons and so courageons could no longer be considered criminal, and all classes united in asking for them with the Marsh al of the district, granted him a

CHROTISTERS herenotherman's c

A FREE AND UNCONDITIONAL PARDON. "We fought," said Arnauld, "and we fought well, for we wished to prove ourselves worthy of the absolution offered as a reward for our blood and valor."

blood and valor."

Then, going to another room, he returned with a cutionsly inlaid casket, which bore some resemblance to an old fashioned English dispatchbex. From among its contents he drew a quaintly-printed bill, and continued, handing it to

me:
"On these terms we surrendered, yet all of us
were eager to face the inland dogs, even with
halters about our necks.

The bill was a general order issued by Governor
Claiborne, on Dec. 17, 1814. Its closing sentence ran:

"The Governor does hereby invite them"-the

"The Governor does hereby invite them"—the Baratarians—"to join the standard of the United States, and is authorized to say, should their conduct in the field meet the approbation of Maj. Gen. Jackson, that that officer will unite with the Governor in a request to the President of the United States to extend to each and every individual, as aforesaid, marching and acting against the enemy, a free and full pardon."

"And here," he added, "is the President's proclamation, and my own particular pardon."

The latter document was in the usual form and style of a Federal absolution for undefined misdeeds. The former paid a just tribute to the valor of the buccaneers, and after reciting the existence and suppression of their "clandestine and lawless trade," went on to say:

"Offenders who have refused to become the associates of the enemy in the war, upon the most seducing terms of invitation, and who have aided to repel his invasion of the territory of the United States, can no longer be considered as objects of punishment, but as objects of a generous forgiveness. It has therefore been seen, with great satisfaction, that the General Assembly of the State of Louisiana earnestly recommend those offenders to the benefit of a full pardon. And in compliance with that recommendation, as well as in consideration of all the other extraordinary circumstances of the case, I, James Madison, President of the United States of Amertraordinary circumstances of the case, I, James Madison, President of the United States of Amer ica, do issue this proclamation, here granting, publishing, and declaring a free pardon " "" "What of your leader, the famous Lautte!" I

"What of your leader, the famous Lafitte?" I queried.

"He disappeared, as he came, like a meteor. Our chief and our inspiration till after New Orleans was saved, no man ever knew his subsequent history or whereabouts. Papers and magazines told mysterious stories of his after deeds, but whether they were true or false, I can not say. Yet I have always been proud that five years of my youngest manhood were passed in his company, for I came to him a raw island lad, and when we parted I was his Lieutenant and friend."

A day or so before meeting this ancient mariner, the farmer's suggestion to

"INTERVIEW OLD ARNOLD"

gained an unexpected influence from this para-graph, which occurs in Mrs. Spofford's descrip-tion of San Antonio de Bexar:
"Or he"—the Texan—"inay meet a still stately dame, who wears the diamonds given to her by her old partner in the dance, the pirate Lafitte, hero of Byrou's 'Corsair.'"

So a copy of this book bore note book and pen-cil company to the country home: and, as in

So a copy of this book hore note book and pen-cil company to the country home; and, as in answer to my question, the old man sought for words wherein to limn his ex-chief's looks, I opened the volume at its beginning, and read these lines:

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
Demons in act, but gods at least in face,
In Conrad's form sees little to admire.
Though his dark eyebrows shades a glance of fire;
Robust, but not Heroeleam-to the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height?
Yet, in the whole, who paused to lock again,
Saw more than marks the crown of vulgar men;
They gaze and marved how—and still confess.
That thus it is—but why they counset gaess.
San burnt his cheek, his forchead high and pole.
The sable cutts in wild profusion vell;
And off perforce his rising lip reveals.
The haughter thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.
Though smooth his voice and calm his general mein,
Still secens there something he would not have seen
His features' deepening lines and varying hue
At times attracted, yet perplexed the view.
As if within that unriviness of mind
Worked feelings fearful, and yet undefined;
Sach might it be—that none could truly tell—
Too close inquiry his stern glance would quell.
There breathe but few whose aspect might defy
The full encounter of his searching eye;
There was a laughing devil in his sneer.
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his power of harted darkly fell,
Hope withering fied—and mercy sighed farewell.

I looked up. Arnauld was gazing at me

I looked up. Arnauld was gazing at me in ilent wonder. "Who wrote it !" he cried. " 'Tis him to life!"

"No wrote it!" he eried. "The him to me."
"Lord Byrou is its author," I answered, "and
he published the poem in 1814, while Lafitte
was yet famous and successful at Barataria.
Now tell me how this does for a picture of Grande Now tell me how inisides for a picture of Grande Terre."

And turning back, I read the initial sections of Canto I., which describes the pirate's isle, and begin with verses that stir like the sound of a

or the gled waters of the dark blue ses,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home.
Tears slightly dimmed the old man's sight.
"It brings it all back to me," he sighed, "the
glorious days, the old friends, the—but never
mind. Past is past, and gone is gone."
A moment's silence followed, when, rising to
go, I ventured a parting query:
"Monsieur, how did it chauce that you left
Guadalonpe for the forcastle of a privateer?"
"That is easily answered. The echoes of '93
crossed even to our distant home, and the only
thing my parents taught me were to love France
and hate her tyrants. We bowed to no God
save nature; we knew no Bible but Halbach.
He gave us reason for faith, and taught us to He gave us reason for faith, and taught us to curse oppressors everywhere."

I had noticed lying on the table a solitary book It was an old copy of

BARON D'HALBACH'S INDICTMENT of eighteenth century civilization, the sombrand terrible "System de la Nature." This boo Armanid now took up, and, searcely glancing at the open leaf, he repeated the ghastly maledic-tion hurled by outraged humanity at priests and kings. No tremor of age intervened as he slowly voiced that outery of injury borne too

"Man is bad, not because he was born bad, but because he is made so; the great and powerful crush with impunity the needy and unfortunate, and these in return seek to revenge their ills. Openly or in secret they attack the native land that is a cruel step-mother who strips all from some and gives all to others. Sorely they punish her partiality; they show her that the motives borrowed from another life are powerless against the passions and the lighter wrath sugandered by a corrupt administration in the life here; and that not even fear of dungeons or death are proof against want, against crime, against desperation to which enlightenment offers no correcting influences."

And so I left him, the representative of an earlier age, with the stern protest of long ago yet integering on his lips, like a spectre come back to tell us of those stermy days when fire and sword worked out a bloody purification and handed it down to these later times, a dread yet vivifying logacy.

ITHURIEL.

#### WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME.

When mysterious whispers are fleating about,
And voices that will not be still.
Shall summon me hence from the slippery shore.
To wares that are silent and still;
When I look, with changed eyes, at she Home of the Blest,
Far out of the reach of the sea.
Will any one stand at the beautiful gate,
Waiting and watching for me!

There are little ones glancing about on my path, In need of a friend and a guide;
There are dim little eves looking up intemine.
Whose tears could be easily dried;
But Jesus may beckon the children away.
In the midst of their grief or their giee;
Will any of these, at that beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?

There are old and forsaken, who linger awhile
In the homes which their dearest have left,
And an action of love, or a few gentle words.
Mightscheer the and spirit bereft:
But the resper is near to the long standing corn,
The weary shall soon be act freeWill any of these at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?

There are dear ones at house, I may bless with my love;
There are wretched ones pacing the street;
There are friendless and suffering strangers around—
There are tempted and poor I must meet;
There are many unthought of, whom, happy and blest;
In the land of the good I shall see—
Will any of them at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?

I may be brought there by the manifold grace
Of the Savior who loves to forgive.
Though I bless not the hungry ones near by my side,
Only pray for myself while I live;
But I think I should mourn o'er my selfish neglect,
If sorrow in Heaven can be.
If me one should stand at the beautiful gate,
Waiting and watching for me.

NASBY.

## The Silver Question at the Corners-Baseom Prepares for the Expected Rush of Silver.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, Jan. 22, 1878. I ain't so sertin that I want the silver bill to

I ain't so sertin that I want the silver bill to pass ez I wnz. The fact is, the thing don't work ez I sposed it wood, and I ain't eleer onto it. The fact is, ther is suttle prinsiples in these finansnel questions wich rekwires a grate deel uv thot, and ther is underlyin prinsiples wich a man hez got to understand afore he is competent to set hisself up ez authority.

One thing-I am sortin uv, Bascom ain't no finanseer, nor never will be, and I told him so.

"Wat is a finanseer?" asked he.

"A finanseer," sed I, assomin the look uv Dannel Webster, is a man wich kin pay his dets with nothin—a man wich kin git sothin with nuthin."

"The Corners, then, is full uv finanseers," be

"The Corners, then, is full uv finanseers," he remarkt, bitterly, castin a cawsual glance at his slate, wich wuz jist full enuff to turn over and begin on the tother side.

But he heze't any uv the sience uv it. I wuz argooin with him, the other day, in faver uv my noshun uv a lether currency, the I told him silver wuz much the same thing, the for example I wood assom that silver wuz to be the currency uv the fucher.

"Now, don't yoo see, Bascom, that ef I hed twict ez much mouey I cood drink twict ez much whisky, and pay for it?"

"How much is twict nuthin?" wuz the onfeelin anser uv the tyrant who holds the destinies uv the Cornes in his hands. "That's wat yoor capitle hez bin, ever sence I hev knowd yoo."

"Parson," sed he, "I don't see wat erthly difference it's a goin to make wether silver is currency, or anything else. How are yoo a goin to git silver, ef it is made legle-tender? Ef silver wuz ez plenty ez bricks, wat hev yoo got to git any uv it with?"

"Too, G. W.," wuz my anser; "but can't yoo see that to hev silver wood releeve the detter class? Even now, afore, it is legle-tender, it's only wuth 92 cents on the dollar, and when the cuntry is floodid with it, it will go still lower. Then we—or rather sich uv see hev promety.

cuntry is floodid with it, it will go still lower.

cuntry is floodid with it, it will go still lower. Then we—or rather sich uv us ez hev property to raise money on—kin pay off—"

"Eggsackly so," retorts Bascom; "yoo kin pay me for the good, honist likker uv mine, wich yoo hev consoomed, in coin wich is less than the dollar yoo promised. All rite. But look here—come in here, all uv yoo. I want yoo silver men to know exackly wat yoo are rushin into."

And this feend led us into the back room—that back room wich containes the subsistence uv the Corners. Ther, in barls, piled one on top uv anuther, wuz the delishus whisky uv Looisville, uv diffrent ages, rangin from that uv two weeks another, was the delishus whisky uv Looisville, uv diffrent ages, rangin from that uv two weeks old to that wich hed jist left the still, and was skeersely cold yit. Ther it lay, and ex my ever ranged affectshonately over it, I felt of I could hev the drinkin uv all that likker, I wood be content to lay down and die when the last drop

waz gone.

Bascom pinted to a immense tank wich he hed erectid, within a few days, with a pipe runnin in from the roof.

"I shant raise the price uv likker, in consekence uv bein paid for it in a depreshiatid cur-

kence uv bein paid for it in a depreshiatid currency!"

I fell on Bascom's neck, in an extacy uv delite, while the others shoutld, "Rah for Bascom!"

"G. W.," I remarkt, while teers suffoosed my eyes, "I never placed yoo much below the angels, but this generus act hez histid yoo a hundred per cent. in my estimashun. Bless yoo, G. W., bless yoo."

"But I'll tell yoo wat I shel do. Do yoo see that tank!" seed he.

that tank!" sed he.
"May I ask wat that is for!" I sed.
"That tank will fill with rane-water," sed he. "The moment yop git to payin me in silver, I shel take out uv eech uv them barls jist eggsackly three and one-fifth gallous uv likker, and

ackly three and one-fifth gallons uv likker, and PILL IT WITH WATER."

"Merciful hovin!" We all exclamed; "and yoor likker so week now!"

"And when silver gits down to seventy-five per cent., I shel take ont twenty-five per cent. uv whisky, and fill her up with twenty-five per cent. uv water. And so on down. Ef silver goes up, I shel add whisky eggsackly in proporshon. In short, my whisky is jist agoin to foller currency, and nuthin shorter. Yoo fellers wich work for wagis may swet, but I won't."

"But yoo'l increase the size uv yoor glasses!" sed I.

"Not any. But yoo may drink twict ez many times to git the same amount uv drunk ex be-

"Not any. But you may drink twict ez many times to git the same amount nv drunk ez before, by payin for eech drink."

And Bascom stalked hawtily back, and took his posishen behind his bar.

Ther wuz consternashun in the Corners, sich ez I hev never seed. Ther wuz a harried consultashen at the Deekin's house, and I sejested that we emancipate ourselves from the dominyan uv this tyrant, by startin a grosery nv our own, on the jint stock prinsiple, wich wuz agreed to, eech man agreein to contribbit ten dollars to the capitle stock, wich wood be enuff to buy a bart or two, for a beginnin.

capitie stock, wich wood be enuff to buy a bart or two, for a beginnin.

We wux enthoosiastic till we come to ballottin for the man to keep the place, when it wux found instid av my bein chosen yoonsnimasly, ex I eggspected to be, that every man had votid for hisself. Ex not a sole av em woold reseed, the skeem wux blocked rite ther, and finelly hed to be abundoned, and we went back to Bascom's and submittid. That tyrant hex us.

Uv coarse, we can't stand likker dilootid in in that smaner. We are willin enuff to diloot the currency with wich we pay for likker, but we want our likker foil strenth. We coodent help it, but that nite we sined and sent to our Representative a remonstrance agin the Silver Bill. The Corners is now for a honist currency. Wood, O, wood, that we hed some uv it.

PETROLEUM V. NASSY,
Financer.

A OF SHOULD PETE

THE TRUTH OF IT.—When the soldier was getting sixteen paper dollars, worth about fifty couts each, for risking his life is the service of the country, we didn't hear a word of complaint or protest from the "honest dollar" men who now scream repudiation and dishonesty at those who favor the remonetization of the dollar of 412; grains. The bond-holder drew his interest in gold, sold it at an enormous interest in gold, sold it at an enormous premium to the government. The dollar received by the boys in blue was these as honest dollar. It has only become dishouest, and the repudiator's currency, when it is proposed to pay the boudholder with it. It is a fine arrangement that the nation's conscience is in the keeping of mon who have nothing to do but to cut coupons twice a year, for which they receive money worth 20 to 25 percent, more than that which they gave for them,